



The Lamentation of  
Melpomene, for the death  
of *BELPHÆBE* our late Queene.

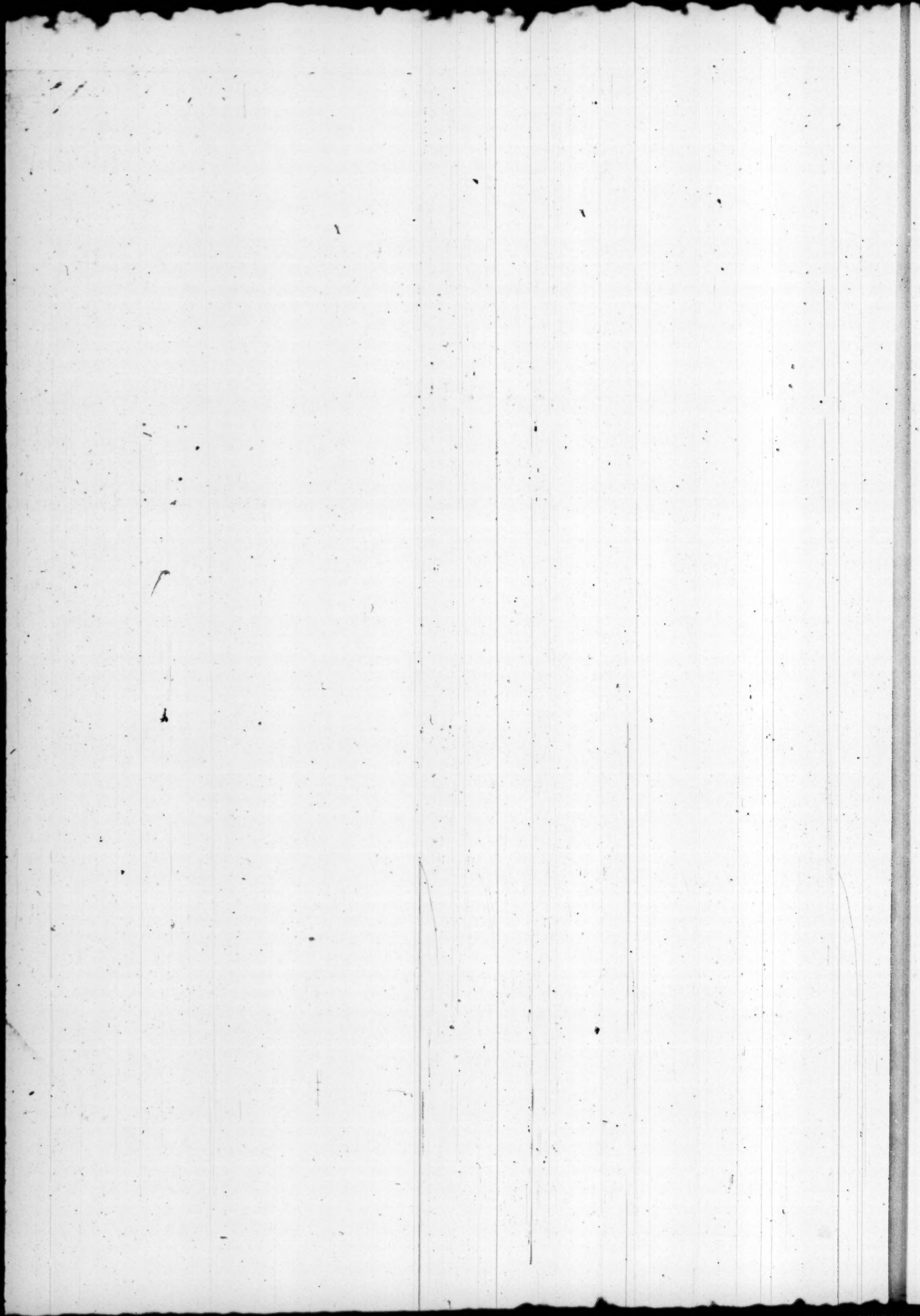
With a Ioy to England for our  
blessed KING.

*By T. W. Gentleman.*

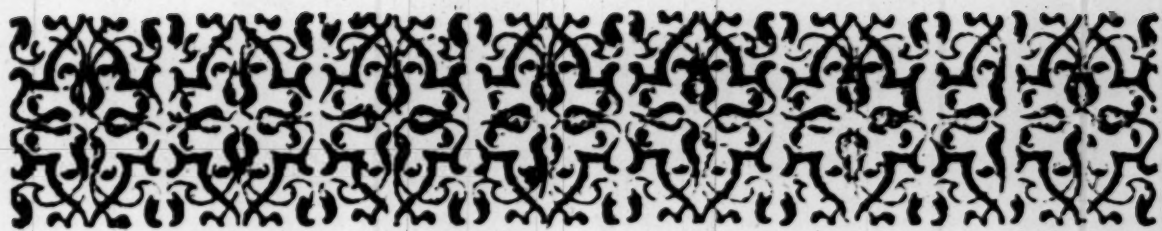


Imprinted at London by W. W. for C. K.  
at the signe of the Holy Lambe in  
S. Paules Church-yard.

1603.

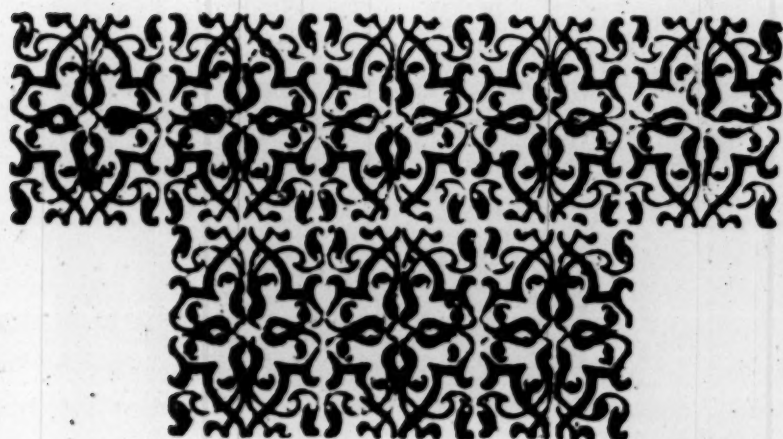




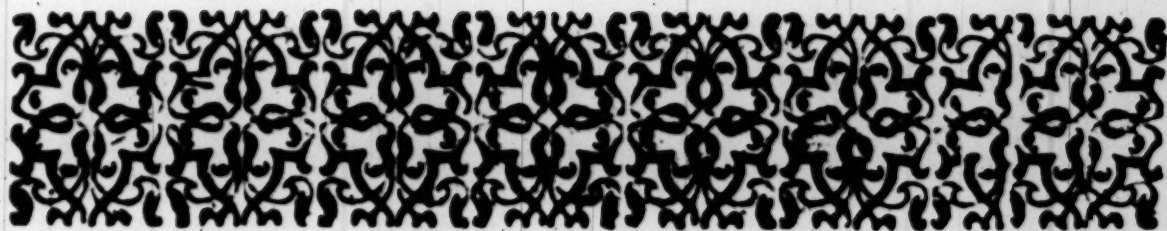


**H**E that to please a multitude, his studies would imploy,  
A Faggot euen as well may bring, to burne bright burning  
The auncient Poet Persius, most wisely say'd, I tro: (Troy.  
Velle suum cuique est, nec voto viuatur vno.

So diuers is the mindes of men; some will haue this, some that:  
Some verse, some prose: & some againe, wold haue they know not what  
Therefore I care not who finde fault, let who list laugh and scoffe:  
Let him that likes it, reed the same: he that dislikes, looke off.



A ii.









The Lamentation of  
MELPOMENE, for the death  
of *BELPHÆBE*, our late Queene.



In what vncooth place or gloomie Cell,  
Shall sad *Melpomenes* tragicke spirit dwell?  
The chearful day torments my chearles hart,  
And euery splendent star woundes like a dart.  
If euer Muse had cause to mourne in deed,  
Now fits the time: and now the hart should bleed:  
Now should each member ioyne it selfe in one,  
And make a symphacie of griefe, and mone.  
Let coloured Siikes be dy'd to sable blacke:  
A Mourning habite fits each Mourners backe.  
Day change thy selfe to euerlasting Night,  
Sunne, Moone, and Starres, forgoe your glitt'ring light,  
Dissolue you Mountaines, and you durate Rockes,  
Lament you Shepheards, and your tender Flockes:  
Let Teares distill in such a bundant wise,  
That like the Ocean billowes they may rise.  
*Caos*, not *Cosmos* let the World be cleaped,  
Let woe on woe, and care on care be heaped:  
For loe: the Lampe that whilome burnt so cleare,

A iii.

Is





*Melpomenes Lamentation,*

Is quite extinct, and darknesse doth appeare.  
A glorious Lampe; a goodly Light it was,  
Which whil'st it burnt, all other did surpasse.  
No place so farre remote but day, and night  
It was illuminated with this Light.  
Whilome it was the chiefeſt light alone  
Of England, Fraunce, Ireland, and Calydone.  
Few Lampes like this (yea few) or none at all  
Are worthy of the like memoriall.  
The chaste *Belphebe* is of life depriu'de,  
Merroure of Chastetie, when ſhee ſuruiu'de:  
Shee like a Roſe mong'ſt many weedes was placed.  
They grace'd by her, and ſhee by them diſgraced.  
Therefore the Fates ſuppoſ'd the earth too bace  
To ſuccour one of ſuch immortal race:  
And for a plague to men ſent meager Death,  
To take away her ſweete Ambroſian breath.  
What hart ſo hardie? (if it mortall beene)  
But will lament the death of ſuch a Queene,  
Which like a Goddeſſe, not an earthly creature,  
Appeared both in hauiour, and in feature.  
Prudence, and Conſtancie poſſeſt her minde:  
A rare memoriall for all women kinde:

No





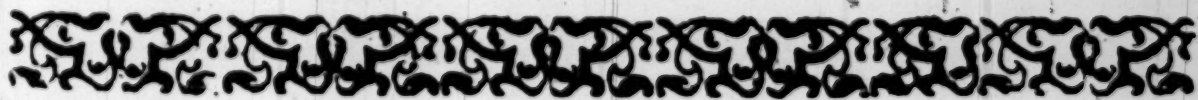


*for the death of Belphabe.*

No vertuous lore, ne well beseeming graces,  
But liu'd in her, each in their seuerall places.  
The Fates had chosen her Earths Soueraigne,  
And by the Fates, Earth hath her lost againe.  
After long darknesse on the earth, came light,  
And now againe ensewes eternall night:  
*Dianas* sister Lady of the day,  
From earth to heauen hath tane her speedy way;  
Second to none in Wisedome sure was shee,  
The Queene she was of true femininie.  
Well could I wish if Destenies thought good,  
Her habitation on *Parnassus* stood:  
And that from *Ioues* great Court she were accited,  
And with my sisters in pure zeale vnited.  
Neuer till now did grieffe my hart surpresse,  
And now tis cloy'd with too much heauinesse:  
I must resigne my place: I cannot chuse,  
And beare no more the name of Tragicke Muse;  
For I am Metamorphised with grieffe;  
Grieffe without end, and endlesse to reliefe.  
If Heauen, or Hell, do harbour any soule  
Whose hart is made of such a sencelesse moule,  
That Death and Hell; that God, or cruell Fate,

A iii.

Can-





*Atelpomnes Lamentation,*

Cannot with true compassion annimate,  
Let him possesse my place vpon the Hill:  
For Ile resigne it with a right goodwill.  
Ile trauerſe through the world in Pilgrimage,  
And vnder-take *Belphebes* Patronage;  
Ile massear my ſelte, lament, and mone,  
Whilſt there remaines no day to tell but one,  
In the remotest place from any wight,  
Where neither Sunne nor Moone do lend their light:  
There will I make a close-light shadowing Cell,  
And till Times date be out, I there will dwell,  
Dreaming on horrors, gastly sightes, and feares:  
Sadde thoughtes and I will liue espoused Spheares.  
Ile teach the Screechowe, and the hissing Snake,  
To beare a burden to the mone I make:  
Ile learne the Syluaine Birdes to hang their wings,  
When once my melancholie Organ singes  
Sadde Canticles, of her immortall prayſe,  
Who lyuing, blest the world with golden dayes.  
Both Peace and Iustice flourish'd in her age:  
Such was her foresight, such her counsaile sage,  
If Vertue, Learning, Manners, Beautie, Witte,  
Immortall fame to mortall creatures gitte.

Thrice





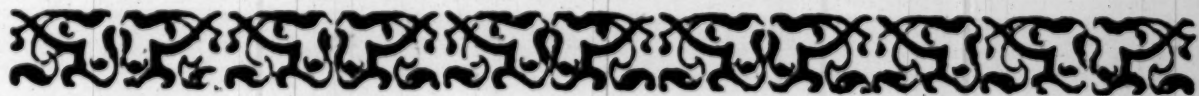


*for the death of Belphebe.*

Thrice happie shee, for these in her remainde,  
As in her course of life was well explainde :  
*Morata* should her surname be by right,  
For shee with manners was most richly dight.  
Her body was a Temple, where did raigne  
The true types of a vertuous Soueraigne.  
Shee vtterly detested Romaine Lawes,  
The Popish Relickes, and the olde Priestes Sawes:  
The Trueth she honour'd with vntaunted minde,  
And with Trueths girdle did her Loynes combinde.  
Worthy she was to liue *Sibillas* dayes,  
Her worth did equallize *Sibillas* prayse.  
Had the three Sisters which the life doth guide,  
Not mans felicitie so much enui'de :  
Yea, and against the Gods appoyntment toe,  
Attempt the thing they wisht them not to doe :  
Loe, such preheminnence hath *Destenies*,  
To do what so they list (though *Ioue* denies.)  
See how the labouring Ant begins to droope,  
See how the loftie headed Stagge doth stoope,  
The Grasse doth wither and the Fieldes waxe baire,  
The Birdes leaue singing, and Detest the aire  
And to the rockie clystes with speed do flie,

B.

And

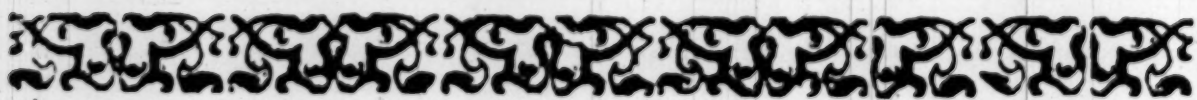




*Melpomenes Lamentation,*

And fraught with anguish do despaire, and die.  
Salt teares distill from all good Subiectes faces,  
Which on their cheekes make goodly milke-white traces  
Sables is common, and in estimation:  
He that wantes Sables is not in the fashion.  
Why these are sighs well fitting my sad spirit:  
Now shall my hart his long wisht ease inherit,  
When euery creature doth conioyne in one,  
*Belphebes* parture from the world to mone.  
Shee is departed, dead, and gone long since,  
And hath in Heauen a place of recidence:  
From Earth she came, and thither's gone againe;  
In Heauen she is, and there shall still remaine.  
O Virgin chaste, O Phenix of thy kind,  
Which being gone, leaues not thy like behind.  
O Lampe of light, O Starre celestiall,  
Thy matchlesse beautie was Angelicall,  
With thee did die the worldes felicitie:  
With thee decay'd all antique dignitie.  
She is captiued in an endlesse Chaine,  
No hope of future comfort doth remaine.  
In her lay all mens hope and loue: she dead,  
All hope and fauour is for euer fled:

She







*for the death of Belphabe.*

She was mens ioy, in her they onely ioy'd,  
By her departure, they are much anoy'd:  
Thus hope, and fauour, ioy, (yea euey blisse)  
Since her miscariage, euer fair'd amisse.  
Let men and women breake their hartes with grones,  
Let Babes and Children spend the time in mones:  
Let sorrows soppes mixt with a bitter gall,  
Suffize the hunger of both great and small.  
Let teares distill, and straine their tender partes,  
Let grieve be *Nectar* to reioyce their hartes.  
No man suruiue that hath no teares to spende,  
He that doth weepe vntil his teares haue ende,  
Vnto the lowest earth let him take way,  
And borrow teares of wofull *Hecuba*:  
Which many Pooles hath caus'd to flow with teares,  
Since her last date of twise three hundred yecres.  
Awake you Feendes, whose nature is to sleepe:  
Awake I say, and straine your selues to weepe:  
*Somnus* arise, deaths messenger awake,  
And to some mournfull talke your selues betake,  
The time commaundes, and time must be respected:  
Time cannot be recal'd that is neglected.  
You that haue all this while slept in a traunce,

B ii.

En.





*Melpomenes Lamentation,*

Enwrapped in a cloude of ignoraunce,  
Hap'ly may thinke that causelesse I lament,  
And euery teare I shed is vainely spent :  
But know the cause : Eearthes soueraigne *Queene* is dead.  
Dead sure she is, imbalm'd, and wrapt in Lead :  
For this cause sorrow, and lament with mee;  
Follow you after, Ile chiefe mourner be :  
My harts condolement shall excell you all,  
For it is made of Lyuer, more then Gall.  
Why, now you are compassionate I see,  
I weepe before, you after seconde mee,  
And now you sigh, your colours come and go:  
A certaine figure of your inwarde woe.  
Now poaste againe to *Plutos* regiment,  
Vnfold to him this sodaine accident,  
Go Messenger of death, and *Somnus* Goe,  
Be you the messengers of palefac'd woe :  
Let teares hereafter be your choycest drinke,  
With teares fill all your Riüers to the brinke.  
Let Heauen aud Hell for euer mourne I say,  
Night be there euer, neuer be there day.  
Continue thus vntill the Fates relent,  
And she from whence she came aliue be sent.

Mount







*for the death of Belphebe.*

Mount winged Fame, and furrow through the aire,  
Make Heauen resound with echoes of dispaire:  
Proclayme sadde tydings of this lucklesse chaunce,  
And with thy Trumpe awake dull ignoraunce.  
Sound loude, for he is deafe, and nothing knowes,  
He neuer greeues nor pines at anyes woes,  
He sets, and neither stirres, nor speakes whole dayes.  
He answeres none, nor mindes what any sayes.  
Not farre from *Lethe* this aged Sire doth dwell,  
This *Lethe* a spacious Riuer is in Hell,  
Whose nature is to dull the Memorie  
Of those that drinke thereof, or dwelleth bie.  
Fame spread thy winges in Heauen, in Earth, in Hell,  
To euery mister wite, her downefall tell.  
Come Sorrow come, and helpe me to lament,  
My fainting spirits now are almost spent:  
My speech begins to fayle, my limbes waxe faint,  
Ere I ascend the top of my complaint.  
Then heere Ile stay, in this darke vale Ile rest,  
And in dum shewes my grieve shall be exprest.  
Die hart with sorrow and eterna'l paine,  
Vnlesse *Belphebe* do reuiue againe.  
Now whil' st *Melpomene* lay in a sound,

B iii.

Dew-





*Melpomenes Lamentation,*

Dewing with teares melancholy ground,  
His absence was deplor'd on *Parnass* hill,  
Teares did from euery Muses eyes distill.  
Some in a furie rent their golden lockes,  
Some hang'd the head, some stamp't, the brest sōe knocks,  
Some inly sigh, and others wrong their handes,  
To shew their state wherein their sorrow standes,  
At length in secret Synod they decreed,  
To sende *Terpsicore* abroad with speed,  
To search remote, and melancholy nookes:  
Which his sad humour with contentment brookes,  
Much ground he trauerst ouer hill, and daile:  
Twas long care aught his trauaile did auaille,  
Still as he went, vpon his Harpe he playde,  
By which *Melpomene* was much dismayde,  
When as the sound did to his hearing flie,  
For grieued mindes do Musicke quite defie,  
At last directed by the powers Diuine,  
He saw whereas the wandering Muse did pine:  
Goodly he louted, and soone him bespake,  
That to *Parnassus* he would iourney make.  
To take possession of his long voyde place,  
And liue among'st the rest of heauenly race.

*Mel-*







*for the death of Belphebe.*

*Melpomene* to him made no reply,  
But like a sencelesse stone vpon the ground did lie,  
*Terpsicore* with speed flew backe againe,  
And tolde the Muses of their brothers paine,  
Which he left speechlesse on the frigidous ground,  
Either quite dead, or in a deadly sound.  
With that the Muses much amazed flies  
Vnto the dwelling of the *Destenies*,  
To know their brothers sodaine cause of griefe,  
And whether they would send his woes reliefe.  
The Fates recomforted their grieued hartes,  
And bade them neuer dread Deaths sharpe poynt dartes:  
Tolde them at large, the cause of his lament,  
And how to giue his griefe a suddaine vent:  
Soone they tooke leaue, and to the place did flie,  
Where the sadde Muse lay wrapt in miserie:  
They rubde his temples, lifted vp his head,  
In his pale face, pale death was figured.  
At length some sparkes of life in him appeard,  
Which all their late dead hartes reuiu'd and chear'd.  
With chearefull words they chear'd him, and him prayde  
No more to grieue, no more to be dismayde.  
The Fates (quoth they) in priuate so decreed,

Biiii.

That





*Melpomenes Lamentation,*

That she for whom thou weep'st, by death should bleed,  
And they which by deaths cruell hand are slaine,  
Nor sighes, nor singulifes can reduce againe:  
And know, the Fates haue seated in her place,  
Though not a Woman, yet of heavenly race,  
A goodly KING, to be earthes Soueraigne:  
Which Iustice, Peace, and Vertue, will maintaine.  
Then ioy a new, recall thy wonted rest:  
The Fates were kinde, that thee from death hath blest.  
These wordes, his woe did somewhat mittigate,  
And he assum'd againe his former state:  
With winges of ioy they furrowed through the skie,  
And soone ariued at *Parnassus* hie:  
Where now each Muse enioyes his hartes content,  
Spending the time in wanton meriment:  
Thankes be to those auspicious powers aboue,  
That hath established this concordant loue.

*FINIS.*

*Mors septa ligonibus equat.*

